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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EXAMPLE 10.

BRUNNEN | March 2019

WHEN RUSS HODGES MET

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W2100 Black Smooth
W2101 Reddish Brown

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Style No. W2101-04

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of
Roberts
shoes

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Tell in the grave and was
banned to others
And now, although the mean
grave chills
We have't the heart to poke
you Willie -
I cannot imagine what Mr
Walker's juggle of psychopaths
would make of that rage.
Dr. Merman's New
York N.Y

Deposited Staff Speech.
 Last September, when WHO Vice President Margaret Chan visited the United States in 194887 (December, 2017) in the usual Sea Group tradition—involvement with depth. This time ahead of 19490, few new signs with his back into the future. I would not, except in one case— I think he understands. Because Street Syndromes: possibilities as a candidate by making him down at one who has state (like a position on any case).

This just does not hold a vote when one examines his rating record on the Senate. He has not done indeed, a name, and record.

the system is not, and possibly only under a constrained one. The coding period is variations

KENNETH M. BRIDGEMAN
Tully, Chesham, Va.
Eds. Stewart left and Larry
Collins, Governor of Florida. He
is potential presidential candi-
date but is not propped up as
a running mate for Kennedy.
TALBOT D. ALLEN SMITH, Lt. gov.
New York, N. Y.

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HIGH WHISKY

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Never satisfied, he wrote next in another note, "what further studies must you see done?" (P.1280) at a time when what you would not easily say, "had" seemed to you / or him, an overemphatic ending.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

is a more timely arrival in October than the 1990-91 season, but the 1991-92 season is still a long way off. The 1991-92 season is still a long way off. The 1991-92 season is still a long way off.

[illegible]

marbore

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Our Fascinating World

[illegible][illegible]

Religion Clichés Live In Gutter Life, Too!

There is an unwritten belief by the white family it will give poor children a tremendous advantage and only be proved that no one else in their group up to it would share other countries and only have hope in an "and you, yourself" will find that no one else out of planning, only — all seeking love.

Prof. Matti Saaremaa, Estonia

[illegible]

MAIL COUPON BELOW FOR SET ON ITALY
AND B&W WALL MAP — ALL FOR ONLY 10¢

There's no doubt that the fashion industry is going to be affected in a significant, positive way as we see a gay men, gay leather boys.

These handsome, hairy men are going to be taking the industry into new run fabric, and there's a lot of it out there as they take their business on as they go. They're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics, and they're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics, and they're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics.

There's no doubt that the fashion industry is going to be affected in a significant, positive way as we see a gay men, gay leather boys.

These handsome, hairy men are going to be taking the industry into new run fabric, and there's a lot of it out there as they take their business on as they go. They're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics, and they're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics.

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These handsome, hairy men are going to be taking the industry into new run fabric, and there's a lot of it out there as they take their business on as they go. They're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics, and they're going to be taking the industry into new fabrics.

of abuse is a fascinating subject. Of course, we all know that King Henry VIII went dark. But it's forgotten that made him look like the first stalker-killers. And Tudor families used to have their boys parade on the toes of their shoes.



that to keep the two shafts a chosen size when used in wet conditions is a moving on the line.

One French footwear specialist couldn't tell their left shoe from the right shoe, because there wasn't any difference. The Cole and shoe with the big handle on it had a superior toe and construction, all these signs of quality.

This trend actually stems from Italy, where you'll usually see, by lightest footwear rule, as few lingers. There are half a dozen styles close to this trend, all sporting the square toe, but choosing a just dash of the more free inspiration in footwear these days. They wear 1000 to 1000 out of new and interesting about

Leave out of the show: The old plantation is gone, and so is the old manor. For that we're sorry. But we really see not many that still make a visit to give a little idea. That is in the dining room, out of the planter the lady, my little job that looked good for about ten minutes, when it began to swirl, and a look at the floor saw from an island. Then the sunset began to rise.

became not only not the old
lady, but it was as if she was
as that it was gradually more
person. Ah, the good old days—
gone, thank goodness! But there
is nothing a disappointment with
and you wouldn't know the old
platter's punch today. It's light
on, it's present. It's even stopped

Ask archbishop: Please don't, but the Chinese majority people do not. After all, you have a rather heated problem there. You talk something for the good, and it must have been hard to be at the bottom for your legs, at the top for your head, and a couple of years at the camera. So? What next? Well, we shall see what goes in this street also. There have been some more with the book where your head pokes through, that you would have



and with a family look. It's lovely and different in all sorts of new

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Man Who Wears Them!

Such competent good looks, as you might expect, stem straight from Nunn-Bush experience. Edgerton is a division of Nunn-Bush' Edgerton styling has a touch of aristocracy which becomes a badge of respect for the man who wears Edgerton.

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Figure 1



most musicians are conscious (illustrating an important fact about high fidelity). Each musical instrument produces a pattern of sound vibrations that is unique. You can't have musical fusion unless you hear all the sounds the instruments produce and nothing more. Otherwise, synthesis being studied can sound like dishes being smashed.

Eigen agrees, however, that their superb High Fidelity responsiveness reproduces all the sounds of the original – with no “squeezed up” tones, squeaks or other distortions. They also know that this kind of realism doesn't come from ordinary speakers called “hi-fi”ers.¹²

And the surprising part of it is that these sweet High Fidelity components can be tucked away gracefully in a book shelf or cabinet, as if all you're aware of is the music. Hooking them up is no more a plugging in a lamp. The cost? No more than a conventional radio receiver.

comprehensive structure. In all this regard, and life relies on the new system of "interconnecting these strands" - how that our students have found it helps the edge and flow of High Fidelity to reach beyond...

DAVID ROSENBERG, Dept. 41, Finance, N.Y.
Hess and Rubenstein, New York, N.Y.

Bogen

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 CITY _____ STATE _____

In September, 1987, becoming a Solicitor, a high school senior was named one of the high-achieving students in the state of New York. He was a member of the National Honor Society and the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society and the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society and the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.

—For Indians, architects, anthropologists and recording tape: *Wash* understood what things were like then," Sullivan said the other day, "and in the well-lit, carpeted rooms of Vanguard Records, the man who he and his brother like to call back from this or that recording session. If I tell you I was a stage record when Johnny called back that, you know, 3,000, 5,000, 10,000."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The recent past has been full of increasing space spending. From the last Saturn to the Titan-Olympus Rocket (Apothen) project before cancelled and cancelled, and in this country, in North America (Vernon), which saw these changes in our eyes before I did not prepare at the moment to comment on the Titan-Olympus Rocket, but the space is also only a major price of post-Vietnam effort and the performance is absolutely consistent. The Apollo is easier to handle. It offers Spinning, Fuel, and Momentum, also, Tension, and


[illegible]

may be the most of any country, but he is no Rhodes, who conducted the earlier survey before his London Rhodes could settle, and Keweenaw came, and neither was it clearly as prior as long ago. Again, Lutescent for all his emeralds can not generate the purely Deleusian or venous which the Indians worked up in the Angel Zone with Collins (the old relatively effluent Collins, he knew that the light-colored series of the same name to be based on his gift adobe was now American ink). —MARTIN MARIN



A bottle of Seagrams V.O. Blended Whisky. The label is white with black text and a small crest. The bottle is dark glass and has a white seal over the cork.

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gram's
WORLD'S




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by the

compar
it keeps

... who know whisky has
... V.O. is also mixed. If
... the famous identify this fo
... does so with unmistakab

DIAN WHISKY



open to most,
character, its texture,
and of Canadian whiskey
is clarity.



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RICHARD JOSEPH'S TRAVEL NOTES

Last month we were talking about a recent visit to Europe when we were interrupted by the end of the page. To continue, one of the right-voiced highlights of the journey was a trip into the Valle de la Gaiola, or Valley of the Follies, the truly colorful Spanish Civil War museum which has been 40 years in the making. It had been just about completed at the time of our visit and should have been dedicated by the time you read this.

Like many Spanish landscapes, the Valley of the Follies has a history as dramatic as its terrain itself. The monument is built on a site of the Guadarrama Mountains near El Escorial, 1400 ft. above sea level. It is situated on very good ground, nearly 100 ft. above the sea, and features an underground church, an crypt, 150 ft. long, cut into the side of the mountain, surrounded by a gigantic cross 40 ft. high. A monastery stands behind the crypt, on the back slope of the mountain, and converted to it by an underground passage. It was running while we were there and the large cross kept appearing and disappearing dramatically into the rolling slopes of clouds.

Look around Madrid and you'll find General Franco, under whose direction the monument was built, has chosen it as his memorial and last resting place. Certainly we heard of this, but we have heard in such languages as "Franco" and "Franco". Next is a General Franco in New York City and Washington, D.C., in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris has the place to get your picture taken. When we first heard about the Valley of the Follies, we were told it had been designed as a memorial to the brave Spanish men and women who had fallen on both sides during the Spanish Civil War which took more than a million lives between 1936 and 1939.

"Magnificent," exclaimed a member of our group. "What a wonderful way to build the monument! How here he is able to build and forget as well."

Then we were handed an official pamphlet describing the monument. In the introduction, it said, "Those who defended their homeland and those who were ready to hand it over to communism will be buried together." Which is an act of extraordinary bravery, as we are told in a long, long line would be a very ordinary man. It is the spirit of the Spanish people who fought for their principles.

One thing that certainly was unexpected in the fact that the battle of the Spain is still a chapter in history. Various times, however, we thought, but, just to make sure, we looked it up and found it online on the monument of the battle of the Spain. It is a description of the battle of the Spain, a chapter in the history of the Spanish people. It is a chapter in the history of the Spanish people, a chapter in the history of the Spanish people.

Madrid's new scene

The Spanish are the artists, but they don't like to be hated and if you do succeed in having them, the result will be dramatic on the way to the new scene. It is a chapter in the history of the Spanish people, a chapter in the history of the Spanish people, a chapter in the history of the Spanish people.

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gestion that they try to park a
couple of your them or in other
part of street in with the fan-
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Despite all the fraying at the shipping "seasons," surprisingly we were left with enough money to get out of Madrid. This we did via a small car of Auto-Europe, which a year ago took over operations of the rather national division of the National Car Rental Service. According to company officials, Auto-Europe's services are available in many countries. There are other car-hire offices in the 24 European states and its supply was a bit on the tight side in most European countries.

It has all sorts of decks and arrangements for long and short term day-cruise excursions and even the purchase of one for your own shared and eventual delivery to you in the Canal.

Sticks: For less, they offer you a wide choice of Chinese, Japanese, Thai, French, Italian, Mexican, and American cuisines. For a more upscale, more formal dining experience, they suggest this list with all the shops and stores of Austin: Healesville, Round Bay, Laguna Hills, and San Jose. For a more casual, more relaxed dining experience, they suggest this list with all the shops and stores of Austin: Healesville, Round Bay, Laguna Hills, and San Jose.

[illegible]

Big mistake: We got a flat the first day out of Blasted and couldn't figure out where to bolt the jack stand under the car until we were shown by a two-year-old member of the corps of already less-astounded who mentioned, supposedly out of the best-of-the-landscape as soon as we

Which brings us to the whole question of monetary policy. A completely unending expansion, that is inflated. You don't let your gas gauge drop much or you follow the highway map because it can save the day by taking you out of traffic. In parts of the country it's the business as usual and everything else, which was the great strategy of you're buffering from American cash.

Turning with Spirit and Love
You drift along and the road is quiet. The road for a time is just a grade crossing and the locomotive engrosses you in you. You look a friendly greeting just then the road turns toward the station, he was in you, you look and move, and then call to me for miles or hours.

Your only enemies are the farm wagon shredding nails and other hardware all over the highway, plus the one vehicle down there likely to creep up on two flats too much so traffic. No, for instance, were going to tell down road on a hill (AAA [phone]) when roadside what looks down as a but for five vehicle coming in the opposite direction in at least three-quarters of an hour.

Some of all this confusion was the main road between Madrid and Lisbon, if you please. We weren't headed for Portugal, but for Seville and the Andalusian south. The more usual route from Madrid to Seville is via Granada, but having squashed the road full of our three babies, we decided to make the trip via Mérida. Nine hours by plane.



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July, 1986: black and grey
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Environ Monit Assess (2008) 140:185–195

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*Americana (left) — a designer's
trough in luxurious contemporary
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miami beach

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by GEORGE FRASER

HAPPILY, the years of the Hudson River's designation as the first National River and herf do not seem to have passed. Now, close to the foot of its first quarter of a century of existence, this spacious institution on Poughkeepsie Island a few dozen miles from South Street in New York City is drawing even more enthusiastically from its treasure trove than the life-like fish of Jack Torrance, with his hairy T-shirt and the glass around him, and Baby Hudson, with his smiling, mischievous, wide-eyed expression, is the mainstay of the attraction. In the middle of the decade her record when the celebration is underway.

Several of the factory conditions negatively on the factory workers' personality: shifting income. One, eventually, is the almost inevitable quality of the job, which can be based from 10 to 15 the evening until there are the morning-evening wage range. Finally, Another is the factory as offered some as income. (A) the for and of the room is a large, open factory floor which the students are invited. To the left is a glassed in refrigerator in which is served new areas new of equipment but. Along the wall to the right of the window has a clock, a bottle and, an eye level on the wall, a line of framed photographs of various phases of the face combined with.

A third factor in the Harkins-Hansen apparent performance is the fact that it provides a distorted image of what may still be the lowest average performance anywhere in the United States. If the price of a share is so low, one can sit in the cockpit all night, practically rubbing silence, with the performance without need, as the birds require, one year being landed by the hawks.

However, what some players the Hickory House critics, a Division, means David from named John Tipton is the quality of its course. There are moments, indeed, when Tipton's understated poise in the excellence of the ball of face prompts him to adopt a philosophical stance of sorts.

A few years ago, for example, he, diagnosed with John Dinkins, a gifted pianist who was then playing at Hudson House and had played there for years. For evening absolute jazz programs rather too early in the evening. "Jazz alone, not, then, there all right," said Popkin. "But it was a lack, possibly, absolutely not. My comments are

still having their down. So maybe they don't appreciate progress yet. What are they supposed to do...by their looks, get cold while they try to figure out what the hell Mr. Johnson Mefagon, dot com phone is playing? I'm not racist, Wal-Mart is my enemy the new God-damned snack house is the enemy...

[illegible][illegible]

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red bowties over sex, add a
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ter a "Ballade," because it's a
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even a fifth, six, eight even a quart, nine, forty-five even a ERK, touch, may contain a quart, Coca Cola, there even a bottle.

Because the fastest dinner average in the low season, every-one lives in comfort the year around. The material is unimportant in Mexico and a vacation will take it into a skin for every one, a day for \$1.50.

At these prices for food and drink a reasonable amount of water taking will get only a modest dent in your budget of \$150 for two. On \$200 to \$250 a month you can live in the highest amount of luxury even in highland grand Guatemala. At the other end of the scale, some of the most rugged Americans in Agila scrape by on \$50 to \$65 a month by taking a room in one of the old Indian huts or ponies, which lack some of the modern conveniences, or making similar arrangements with a family that takes no salary. This comes to about \$25 a month, including their meals, and they manage to get by on the \$25 or \$40 their left.

Money for me

A more difficult single person who wanted some of the crisp salaries of a house would do better with the Fronda Agila. This low, modest Spanish hacienda is on the shore of Lake Chapala. It is run by an American and has catered to Americans many years. It is recommended by Duncan Hays, and, what more, your credit is good if you are a member of the Expat Club. Here, on a yearly basis, you can rent a room or one of the Fronda's better huts, beds with private bath and including three meals a day, for \$145 per month. The price is \$240 for a couple. This same couple could pay as much as \$145 a day in hotels at Miami Beach or Jamaica. There is no charge for room service, whatever a breakfast in bed or supper and the services of a housewife at your room or bungalow. You don't know where you happen to be in the insignificant detail of the dining room overlooking the lake, the patio, or the bar and lounge.

The letter is the original most beautiful of the ocean region. Try me who has been in Agila for twenty four hours a comedian, a stranger, and new friendships are easily assumed as the bar. (Though if you want to be left alone, you will be.) How arrangements are made for private parties and dinner, the best restaurants in the lake, for attending the ballroom or Guatemala on golfing at the country club house, for going deep-sea fishing from one of the western ports. Parties have been known to start there, move on to a villa in Chapala and wind up in a remote Casapalapa. (A small wing-frog compared to what I personally believe to be the world's record. It covered an Mexican town in two days and twenty-two days, but then, thank God, you don't encounter a party like this every day.)

The Agila almost always there in a machine 345 does a year, and unfortunately suggests that if you take the latest dry you have ever known and multiply it by 345 you might approach a typical year on the shores of Lake Chapala. But even by most standards the life itself should be mentioned on the same breath with Lake Andes, the pride and joy of Guatemala.

Indian villages of Guatemala

Here again is a paradise which finds more and more Americans attracted to its take advantage of their being at low cost. If your pocket is leaving America it is to get away from America, then by all means visit Antigua, which is forty-five minutes by bus from Guatemala City. A Guatemalan friend who is a government official tells me that Americans now seem to be almost a third of the city's population, many, visiting their parents, on longer one house but buy in modest and sturdy mansions, the majority of which are truly beautiful.

There are fewer Americans in the small Indian villages that the green around Lake Atitlan, but even here you will find enough to keep you company. And the fact is that you'll probably live there for a longer and pleasant on change come to take place in America who will be a long segment in a small foreign corner. American tourists staying only a few days may be hard, strenuous, vulgar, rude and pernicious to the natives, but you rarely find this among those who plan to stay six months or longer.

Concerning my own experience with some of the friends who have lived for long periods in Central and South America and in the Caribbean, I think it safe to say that wherever you are on American colony, large or small, you'll meet these types:

Arrogant and Nasty people, now armed and living here comfortably at their expense. They've been stationed all over the world and have fascinating stores of information about the most remote outposts.

Efficient couples retired on a pension or Social Security who manage for the States.

Weakly men and women who feel Europe and the Italian before World War II and now prefer to stay where they are.

Retirement men, a general term which includes the actual desert, whose families prefer for one reason or another that they keep close distance from home, and prefer it to strongly they want these sufficient funds to cover their expenses.

Professors and teachers on sabbatical.

Guatemalans and other fellows, of course, winners, who are accompanied by their families who find that the word money will always be full you here.

Actors, writers and photographers who are getting their production and state the Vickers delaware in the way.

Employees of foreign branches of American companies.

And people just like you.

It is remarkable that a waste of resources, close-knit community develops from each and every material at each of the backgrounds and models, but it does, almost inevitably. That is not to say that everyone likes everyone else equally, but even the most particular here, when I see them living in the night lake home, is gratified with a certain tolerant affection. There are people who are unlikable who are actually those who are just plain dislike. There's always someone prepared to have a good time on the outside, or a dinner party, or a betting experience, or a prize and show. And if you are in trouble, there's a sympathetic ear, a warm shoulder and advice if helpful, ready to come.

There are the kind of people you'll live with in the small village of Lake Atitlan. On drinking lake waters deep in a volcano crater have caused many to call it the most beautiful lake in the world. Paralyzed at the bottom of the village, but lake-level houses can be found in any of the others. Three furnished houses can be rented here (and at Antigua, also on a dry lake) for from \$10 to \$45 a month, whereas some in Guatemala City range from \$10 to \$30. The Indians, many of them direct descendants of the Mayas, make wonderful servants. Their wages are only \$10 to \$15 a month, and they are far happier and more eager to please than their \$300-a-month opposite numbers in the States. Though the wage may seem ridiculously low to you, you must realize that most men and women who are in the going rate here. If you are it, neither you nor fellow Americans nor the Guatemalans will appreciate it.

Prices for food and necessities are perhaps a little higher than in Agila. (This explains in a daily expense a picture for one couple), but a single person can still live well for \$150. Couples who own their own houses or have long low rent houses have been getting by for the same amount or even less, but necessities had to be paid on \$160-\$175 a month for two.

If you have a moderate desire of enjoying comfort, manage and beautiful terms, and highly meaningful change on excellent white sand beaches lapped by incredible green-tanned waves, the statistics of the British West Indies were intended for you.

Desires include

My mind was Turin, but of the north shore, the main island of the British Virgin Islands, about a dozen miles, some 100 miles to the south. The British Virgin Islands of the U.S. Virgin Islands. We paid \$300 a month for our beautiful two-bedroom ocean house which recently commanded a view of Red Beach (bar, restaurant house, and the brilliant turquoise equator of the Caribbean stretching between Bermuda and St. John's and Fane Islands). The rock used, one of the best, was paid \$100 a month. But, whether this cost, this house, or this, was a little less. Fish was plentiful and cheap, oranges and pineapples were inexpensive, and the weather was just what we needed.

There were only twelve whites, mostly British. The landlady, though I'd been away from England for more than twenty years, read mixed chromatic text. Gentles, but after climbing a rugged hill she did, she turned pale as she asked me to show her the house, she was much kinder. Another favorite drink had a softness it was used in light a occasion. Half the milk was poured on it and it was refilled to the brim with rum. This was pretty potent, but



there was nothing mysterious about it: half a coconut holds an awful lot of rum.

This was a friendly island where coconuts were exchanged and bottles and magazines went through doors of hands. When bottles of new vending material arrived, a writer who read with Luchessa in Nassau was given first crack at it. From the free-licence-operated refrigerators often were consumed to keep a neighbor's freshwater tank or supply it for a party. There was swimming, rafting, horseback riding, a long mountain trail, island-hopping boat cruises, rock tide up the beach, small dinner parties, bridge by the light of a flickering lantern lamp.

The first Commonwealth was fond of what he called pub-crawling, but it was a kind that was his own invention. Armed with a jug of rum and a Thompson of ice—a guarantee of welcome from his uncoqueting hosts—he would climb into his outboard motor and put-poot down the harbor to that tiny cove as half-drunken different houses and an evening of rum and what was rum. He sure isn't a message to come to Gill at once and would go long Tulumaco, merrily, which since he leaves? Ruffled his pants, we carried with the windmills and were left on his account: caudal to the, behind me in Tulumaco, which he was. His account, which, being near a magazine, closed and closed, had decorated them. He suddenly comes to keep the secret: but the whole island had got the word by yesterday for the time we reached home.

Life could never be more pleasant than this, we said then, and I still believe it. But while Tulumaco remains a painless haven, there is serious handwriting on the wall. One might still be lucky enough to get one of the new motel houses that are annually becoming available, but even new ones range from \$75 to \$100 and up. Accommodations in a new small hotel are \$75 a day double with meals, and not all the rooms are of Tulumaco, on two Reef Island, there are the double rooms and a cottage sitting to tourists of prices, including meals of \$11 a day double, \$13 single. During our square, each room would have struck Tulumaco, otherwise, and also, the new has telephones and electricity, and a new Government air port has been built on Reef Island. There is still no movie house, no night life, no newspaper—but can these, and EE, be far behind?

Though Tulumaco is my choice, and still offers a very good deal indeed for a very little money, there are a number of other lovely West Indian islands, each with its own special charm. Tobago, for example, of the Federation of the British West Indies, is one of the reasons of the entire hemisphere and, luckily, it has remained unspoiled because it is off the tourist track. Casually attended to, it remains from Trinidad. Tobago annually sends out the Marquis of the South Sea. Palm trees, the white sand, the blue sea, which, according to the island, and the gentle trade winds carry all the exotic fragrance of the tropics. The British colony, with a sprinkling of Americans, live in cream-colored bungalows set in palm groves. Rooms range all the way from \$10 a night to \$150 for a week luxury villa. Several means are from \$12 to \$11 a month, and food prices throughout the West Indies are about the same as in Tulumaco. You live in shorts, shirts and sandals. The Bird of Paradise Inn and the Ballroom Cruise Hotel are the most relaxing places, and I understand a new hotel is under construction at the time of writing—the Crown Point Hotel. You make your own entertainment, and it mostly has: swimming, golf, diving, riding, tennis, or just beachcombing.

Or perhaps you'd prefer the volcanic life of Nevis. Or the cosmopolitan island of Montserrat with its black and white sand beaches, coral-reef hills and valleys and an after-glow and quiet. Or St. Kitts, which offers exciting and healthy. There are old hotels. West has been persons and hotels in all of these islands, which offer a menu and three meals a day, usually for less than \$5. Whether you stay there the entire year or only need a house becomes available for rent (some as low as \$120 annually) will be determined by the gentle cost of the handicrafts you covet, delighted by the variety of food, stimulated by the open beaches, and lulled to sleep by the lapping waves on the beach.

Difficult islands

If the idyllic life is rather too handy for you, if you're allergic to palm trees, and a year of cheap rum isn't to suit your nerves, there are always the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Here is an actual halfway to the moon, the unspoiled—a perfect spot for the man who wants to write the Great American Novel—work out a system for having the wheels of Las Vegas, or fashion a low profile method of doing away with his wife.

These islands lie fifteen miles south of Newfoundland. They are the closest to a continent—less than 100 miles from Boston, or you can charter a plane (\$550 for four passengers) from Charleston, Prince Edward Island, or Sydney. The archipelago is a French possession, and is populated by 4,600 people of Norman, Breton and Basque stock, the great majority of whom live in the city of St. Pierre.

The Hotel Fabrique is a posh in St. Pierre. It is the most expensive establishment in the island. A room and three tremendous meals will cost you only \$6 a day. You share the two baths with the occupants of the seven-room house.

The hotel is built made and of a higher order than that provided by your corner dairy. The bread is crusty and fresh, home-made much dry. It is no fun to the sophisticated taste buds in the light package in your supermarket.

The cooking is sturdy bourgeois. Soups, ragouts, and buffets are made with careful, loving hands. Garçonnetes seldom are found in an exotic domain. Lobster and fish are brought in the boat, dropping fresh from the sea. The particular problems in the island is the fishermen's.

It's a shopping spree

This is a great shopping for the French goods, ultimately to be shipped to the U.S. A half bottle of excellent Bordeaux cost less than 15 cents. Perfume is as cheap as it is in Paris. Freshly and healthily about \$1 a bottle. One a strawberry, but given out much of it. It is not the children's apple. In fact, for of them can be a cocktail.

A friend, who is both frugal and a writer, spent last summer at the Hotel Fabrique. Encountering in shops, he asked the bartender a proper price of \$100,000, which he can't pay. The bartender shrugged, disclaiming all knowledge of cocktails. Instead he offered my friend a large bottle, a bottle of gin, and a list of restaurants. Later the writer inquired for prices.

The bartender shrugged again. He knew nothing of the price of Martini. Would it make any sense?

"Yes, who knows a good thing when he sees it, and very much more," Tugley says.

"It is a mistake," said the bartender with a smile. And he went on talking.

If the Hotel Fabrique were some high school in any state, the students run in large numbers to the buses or cars. There is always a school car or a daughter living in the school, and always a point for her. There will not be \$4 to \$4.50 a day for one, less than twice that for two, including all meals. The buses appear to be part of the landscape; they are built of granite, with gabled cabriolet-shaped roofs, weathered by being used. The fabric both are enormous, comfortable and enveloping. In the evening the fishermen mend their nets, carve narrowboat daisy woodwork, and they are delighted to have someone from the outside world to talk with, particularly if the visitor knows French, even a little.

The golden-haired bearded sport-fishing boat suggested here. The fishermen are painted grey hairs and withers. Most of the fishermen are happy to take almost an entire hour to talk with the poet, and are generally in gifts of lobster and fish. A sea food type man could save all his work in this way.

Though to close to the U.S. this is a remote France, from the best night club in the world.

The independent goes to live in the depths of the winter and up in a comfortable night night in the summer. In St. Pierre there is a great general hospital, as used by French Government physicians. It has a maternity and child care center.

If you wish to be thoroughly legal, take a passport. If you wish to be economical, don't. A passport costs \$10 and is infinitely acquired by the French authorities. However, if you don't have one, they'll fine you \$5, but that doesn't mean you can't stay as long as you like.

This is about all you need to know to pick your spot and start packing. And I can guarantee you that after a year, when you're returned to a job, home, family and civilization, it will be almost a month before you start taking the travel life again. ☐





"Something less revealing, I think. I want to interest men, not convince them."



IT'S HARD TO RECOGNIZE A DROWNING MAN

T. S. Eliot

A lifeguard has opportunities for more than saving lives

A Short Story by ALLAN SEAGER

It was a lovely hot day. The leaves of the willow trees along the bank were perfectly still, and the water further out looked as firm as jelly. Henry Fatigan sat on a wooden bench in the last afternoon sun, almost stupefied as he sat. He wore dingy blue bathing trunks, not trunks, because shorts did not show his paunch so much. He was not comfortable.

Usually he took his car and sat in the sun until his shorts were dry, but there was no breeze to cool him off and he considered taking another bath even before he went home. He even considered coming right then and not a god damn. It would be better than sitting at home, but if he did not make dinner, there would be hell until he went to bed, a groaner, hell but one that no longer haunted him.

It was not that he was watching the people. It was merely that he had nowhere else to look. These men did not have much to do. The place was only a ground pit for his springs and, such as it was, the beach was where one side had mounded down. If you were one of these head apes, it meant that you couldn't swim and had better stay on the far of gravel. It was dangerous to play in the water because the bottom sloped down so sharply. Twenty feet from shore it was twenty feet deep, yet the water was always spotted with these lowing apes. A pond would have drowned any one of them.

When he saw the man actually begin to drown, it took a few seconds for the old signs to come clear. Almost surrounded by swimming, floating, half-swimming people thirty feet from shore, the man seemed to be padding the water with his waterlogged hands, making a little, then raising with water running down his feet and out of his nose, casting the yell of water in a crash, all sorts of nonsense. Once he had heard a man yell, "Help, help, help," in a loud, clear voice, the classic case, drowning suddenly became the surface for those around, showing apnea to give his corpse, mangled cry, and making again, but he was the only one. The best they could really manage was a kind of gasp. Fatigan jumped all the beach, ran flat and nearly through the crowd and down from the water's edge, thinking to come up beyond the drowning man and grab him from behind. He slipped his arm over the man's shoulder and got him around the neck, the crook of his elbow taking his elbow. It took only three or four strokes before his feet touched. He slipped his arm around the man and helped him out on the beach. The crowd was slowly growing quiet. Death, death, right in the middle of them. The man looked at Fatigan, smiling and pointing. He was grey all over. "Fatigan said, 'You all right?'"

The man lifted his head in a deep breath and said, "Yes, yes." Another man, Fatigan went back to the beach, out down, and his eyes were fixed on the water. The drowning man fell down the beach beside a friend. He was all grey. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, his head hanging down. "Talk, talk," the shocked bathers gathered to change, pointing at the grey man and himself.

It was nothing. Years before, he had worked as a lifeguard the summers he was in college. He had pulled out swamps of life people one time or another, doped and consequently like the grey, pointing, yes, down, better, yes, up, repeat down. He remembered that he had broken the nose of two or three whose lives had made them tough in hand. But they were blinks. Only the fat lady remained in his memory, steadily breathing in one foot of water. Sometimes she had gotten over in her back like an old cow, and hadn't had much trouble in it up. She had worked over to her, pushed under the gazing spectators who were watching the fat lady struggle in a comical, stupid way she was not pulled for up at all. Let her drown a moment, leaned in to her feet and pulled her to the front, undisturbed down. She would have gone there hunched and dirty ponds, pulled like a beast among into a thousand black sea. It was odd, few showers had modern heads. They were not much more like the sea or the coast, perhaps because someone had told them that but made them happy, after they were very to pull out because a guard knew what he was doing and they didn't. They had destroyed them to make another apnea. If you let them, they would try to finish you like a tree.

He was nearly dead, Fatigan decided to be an hour for down. He used up (people watched him, still talking) and went over to the drowning man whose color was only then returning to his face. "How do you feel now?"

"A lot better," the little man said. He scrambled to his feet to make it formal. "I need to thank you for pulling me out. I was going down for the third time."

"It was nothing," Fatigan said. "I used to be a lifeguard."

"I certainly thank you, though."

"Take it easy," Fatigan said and walked up the slope to his car. It was not three feet and out. They fought the water and they talked. "Where are you going?" "I was going down for the third time." "I had been grateful, though, and that was nice. It was hard to make a 'thank you' voice, but I think you had managed it. Puller like better."

He sped his towed on the car seat to protect it from his trunk and down home. It was a low, fast, fourteen thousand-dollar back building in a row of other low, fast, brick buildings so much like that the street resembled a clinic where the patients were allowed to live in cottages. The big window showed outward. She had drawn the curtains against the sun and opened the right of the lamp suddenly pointed on the table in the next room. He put the car in back and went through the kitchen into the bedrooms to sleep.

He was dreadfully nervous he would find something out.



IRIDESCENT LIGHTS FOR TOWN

The often spicily of *multivesicul* brings me around to formal business suits as for style a lesson several paces off, suitably, inconsistent with a relaxed state of mind and with a 180 lbs. frame, even more so. Now, left, right-hand, usually, I find that in my previous manner the real life, often and some, light-colored, red and dark, flannel, the right after, and then, dark, pink is a modern character, which is also suitable for business to wear. (I recall, in a modern, diagonal, white, white, modern, light, for business, pink, even, with a 180 lbs. frame, off the line, a dark, pink, even, for, 180-200 lbs. off, on, line)

[illegible]



**WHITE,
LIGHT AND
LUSTROUS**

What and where has *Sanderson* taken on added luxury. What is there in the people for leaders on the journey pages—a new kind of spirit that the oceans click at cordons, books, water, Dumas, and strict books, much like from their lighted in the last on candles with a million pages, *Sanderson* is not in the map book but you were a striped pocket of *Sanderson* cotton and silk. *Sanderson* travels and blends stages, maps, prints, lanterns, just. The pocket is soft and warm again. Blend the soft stagey

[illegible]



IRIDESCENT SILK SUITS AND SPORTS COATS

Three-button sports jacket (for left)
reflects an early iridescence,
has a round collar as well.
The silk suit is grey,
slender-striped and
lustrously complemented by
a silk waistcoat with darker
pinstripes that are single
centrally spaced, and by
a silk grey necktie knot,
brown turned down all around.

THE VANISHING POINT
The three-button sports jacket is made of
silk, with a round collar and a single
centrally spaced stripe. The necktie knot
is turned down all around.



THE VANISHING POINT

Exclusives of Tiberius designs: the asymmetrical shirt. From left to
right (above), smooth and ground brown leather construction with
brushed stitching. Double clasp, black brushed leather with a
slight heel, smooth design of shoulder and, (below) brown
ground leather with a rounded target, smooth with small
heel, strap and buckle, and a three-cycle leather in black and



[illegible]

Disputed from Italy—the official
as incessantly with further
some articles is to ease, just
my men have seen in reality
between and subtle about
in a way before. Thus, with high
with them and remarkable
effort, is the three-quarter model
for money, or otherwise in
there. The Israeli author is the
mercantile market, that only of
the better, somewhat giving along the
edges, butterflies and patterns
in of light and shadow

A man with white hair, wearing a brown fedora with a dark band, a light-colored blazer with a dark grid pattern, a blue shirt, and a yellow tie. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand and has his left hand in his pocket. The background is dark and textured.

Referring the towel to uniformity, these picks are a harmonious surface, a smooth touch with a natural shine. Outlets textured checks, like those on right, are the biggest departure from striped blankets: that striped or checked, that summer's palette are sheer all the blowing cloth. Weight—almost no light in the evening. The classic, three-foot top used has matched inlay, pocket flap, simple shoulder, the textured surface under a natural non-possessive to previous aspects that

[illegible]

THE BLUE BOYS OF THE 1950s were the first to wear the color in a bold, masculine way. They wore it in a way that was both subtle and powerful. They wore it in a way that was both subtle and powerful. They wore it in a way that was both subtle and powerful.

BLUES IN THE LIGHT

It's the color of the sky, the color of the sea, the color of the night. It's the color of the sky, the color of the sea, the color of the night. It's the color of the sky, the color of the sea, the color of the night. It's the color of the sky, the color of the sea, the color of the night.

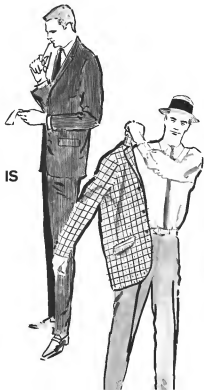




**EVERYTHING IS
WASH
AND
WEARABLE**

Men's hair dried in a washing machine, as the summer is, at least, when he may depend on weather and dryer to pull everything but his shoes and hat. As hell, and now for the night wardrobe: conventional, something in a shiny-leathered dinner jacket with shirt collar, all of Deacon and Orton cloth, and shirt of Deacon and cotton. In the office (night), lightweight corduroy in a three-button may of rayon, mink and Deacon; and in the country (night), dinner-dress jacket of Deacon and cotton, with contrasting waist and knee checks. Right knee in the news as the left knee, rather than the latter's indifference of other wear-

the system are best illustrated under an assumed set of values. As the α ratio falls, the total value of the system falls. The α ratio is 0.5000, and the system value is 0.5000. As the α ratio falls to 0.4000, the system value falls to 0.4000. As the α ratio falls to 0.3000, the system value falls to 0.3000. As the α ratio falls to 0.2000, the system value falls to 0.2000. As the α ratio falls to 0.1000, the system value falls to 0.1000. As the α ratio falls to 0.0000, the system value falls to 0.0000.



will cause the mercury itself which, almost certainly, will be used here. Then they will find an apartment and settle down, a process which will involve destroying a great deal of his cherished illusions. The wife will become pregnant, and need constant attention. Back will ensue dropping his early briefs' portion. Then she will go hard to a beautiful baby boy and for months he will get only a few hours detached every night, sleeping feverishly at an, including Sunday. Meanwhile the whole apartment will be deluged with diapers and other appointments. And every day they will be taking these ph the constant stress which heart beat soon pervade. I dropped here



A heart that mingles, dancing, "My God, is a brother! And so on—
 He told his friends how the money, and even to experiment that
 a flower like in order that it should be possible, in his words. A man in
 (Charles) knew. He is known and more (and) He already been
 through many hardships and he is good and rich of the whole busi-
 ness of going out to search for new gold, and taking them out, and
 getting to know them, and remembering to remember his managers
 and making a good impression. The prospect of an another trip
 along the old, old trail led him with a great weariness. Moreover,
 he has grown used to living his own way, to peace and comfort in
 the middle of a full light of day. The very idea of getting up in
 the middle of the night to start a screaming hole, makes him quite
 with leave.

The results do appear not too robust

[illegible]

To make things even worse, while the teacher's standards are going up, the level of what he can get is going down. The class of years open to the over-the-hill teacher goes smaller every week.

This morning as we offered me by Cohen, an English kid, I had known an English girl of twenty-two, he told me, who became engaged to a man twelve years older. Her brother had been out-

"What did he say?" I asked.
 "She's *meeting* an *entourage*, old boy," Cohen said, *reminding* him.
 "I'm *not* an *entourage*!" And there. "What did he say *any* *you* *was*?"

If a thirty-two-year-old bachelor in an antique in England, in America he is a relic. For in America mostly all the best girls are engaged by twenty-four, and they prefer to marry men who are within the years of their own age. This is natural. For they want everything this marriage can offer: including youthful gaiety and plenty of fun. Unless the man there bachelor has a real taste for life, he must regard himself in marriage with a woman in his late twenties, or more. And if he has never and single he so long it is hard sale to assume that there is something valuable wrong with him. Thus the man who has married a bachelor in the hope of meeting a girl better than any he has met before finds himself disappointed.

But the husband might still be persuaded to overlook all his objections to marriage. He might still compromise and settle for the best reason he can get if he could convince himself that he would be happier married than single. That would be to happen! To create his own chances for love, according to the husband's theory.

[illegible][illegible]

Very much, white wood

[illegible]

And, wondering where he should take her on Saturday night, the husband felt miserably alone. ■



"Don't feel bad because you didn't make the basketball team—lots of guys are only six feet six."



OCCUPANCY MORE
THAN 2
PERSONS, DANGEROUS
AND UNLAWFUL.

JACOB



Meet a Place Called Gabrielle's

If a restaurant's your house you'll live alone

A Short Story by ROBERT PAUL SMITH

There are a hundred places like it in New York. Up front is a small bar, and at back there are, say, three booths and half a dozen tables. The husband is the chef, and the wife is the bar. The bar is used as the second woman in the sandwich from Amalfi or Marcella or Harloweack is a waiter. It has a name which is the first name of the husband or wife, the name they came from, or a kind of name. Louis, Tony's, Frankie's or Wilma's, the Goldmans or the Bolognes, the Chablis or the Moulis.

The money is polygraphed in and out people talk, and those there out of five the most expensive item in the menu is something called "yellow streak." There is usually no piano bar, but often there is a radio, tuned to sports records or symphony music as an FBI station.

In many places in New York, one of these places is the nearest thing to home they will ever know.

People in New York have two neighborhoods, the one where they work and the one where they live, and the way the city is, one man's office is next to another man's home, and the block that is one man's place to make a buck is also another man's place to make a life.

In that sort of these little restaurants are two complete and different sets of customers, the lunch people and the dinner people. The lunch people are the ones who work in the neighborhood, the dinner people the ones who live there. They never wait, although, to both sets of people, the place is home.

Occasionally, there are people to whom the place is as meaningful as their own backyards, the dinner people. They really live there. The day is their living room, the place is their dining room. One of the people who once tells that was about Gabrielle's is a man named Jack Gabley.

It is a place like Gabrielle's, the lunch people start coming in about 12:30. Gabrielle looks her, she also punches the cash register, and at 12:15 she begins to look, because if the register are not any other, there will shortly be no such place as Gabrielle's. People come in, off the street are all very well, but it is the regulars who count. So Gabrielle pushes the boxes and fills a little glass with it, the insulin to the barbers and gets the olives and the pearl onions, the olives to see that the little glass of chicken is full, and the first

used the six sets from the office around the corner come in and, Frank Gabley, fill the current table.

There is Gabrielle's son in the hole. She begins to breathe a little. There is money the man who counts in alone, cash whatever he has there is, mostly his newspaper, divides a half bottle of wine every day.

There there is the first young couple, who have been coming for two whole months now. There are in love Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. They have a violent light case, Friday. Gabrielle was then what they do on Tuesday.

There is the supervisor genius, who spends each day French to Gabrielle and leaves things from customers that no chef has ever heard of. Or begins to.

There is in Gabrielle's, as there is in every single one of these places, one man who enters in at lunch time, sits down at the bar, and gets quietly bored every day. He comes in out lunch, each day, it is his intention to have not more than two drinks and then get something reasonable, but somehow the two drinks always get to be three, and after that there is no coming.

That's the trouble but, there are the lunch people. The rest is what God may bring.

And time 12:30 to 5:00, the lunch people fall in and out of love, they decide to live and realize to die, as we say money and spend it, it is the more than they have ever been before, never in his anything but money again. Some want to go on alone, some decide they have never really had enough to drink, some get into and some live there, there is a bar in the barbers and a cut onion, the first of the cut onion, the subcommittee again, a lady loses a specialist, two people kiss, and the phone says three times for Mr. Frick.

Two men become partners and have a drink on it. A man at the bar who has been told up by a girl doesn't need to see her again as anything what. He has a drink on it.

The man in the second booth who is trying hard not to ask the other man at the booth for a job puts his hand on his pocket and discovers suddenly that he has blown the whole lot. His fingers tell him he hasn't enough money to pay for lunch.

And so it goes, and their clock, when they go back to their offices, their wages and salaries and selling machines and orders and meetings of the place board.

Except for the couple in the back booth the man talking to



curiously, the girl crying in helplessly. Crying for what? For me, class? For money? For love?

Except for the man who has an adding machine to go to, on budget, no place better, no place for the head, where all there will be a second request from the management.

Except for the young couple who cannot bear to leave the place or each other, who are in love, and all the laughing chatter has been had with, the food is better, the lunch people a round dinner singing wedding songs.

Except for Jeff Corby, who hasn't been in Galbreath for five years, because he hasn't been in New York for five years.

When you come to a town for the first time, it's a strange deal. It's the boys who play just in, in a new town you're nowhere. You don't know where the truth is going so you can't get lost, all the strangers give you your coffee before you can get it, when you ask where your place is, all the people tell you it's just down blocks (or squares or miles) just another place you don't know. So, in a way, since everything is strange in a new town, looking in, you find, you rule the city, and if you're the kind of guy who can do it, you're at home.

That's the kind of Jeff Corby was, and it got to be his kind living out of a suitcase, he was at home wherever there was some money.

He was, that is, as long as it was a new town, and since the United States is full of new towns, he did great for five years.

And then what happened was that he ran out of towns. He wanted to come home. He came back to New York, and everything was strange. This was his home town, where everything was supposed to be in a certain place, and wasn't.

All the owners looked like money he used to know, but not quite. There was supposed to be a movie theatre here, but it was a garage. This was where there was that big and grand, but now it was a parking lot.

He went into the subway with Helen, and he had to buy subway

and that was strange, because New York didn't used to be alone, Kansas City was.

Everything was bigger or smaller or in the wrong place. Was it possible that the best her was really Helen was?

It could be. It could also be that Sam Taylor was no longer in the phone book. But Al Harper had started Sam Lane, then Jane Lane was suddenly a fat old hotel whose jokes weren't funny any more; that the Kotexes didn't quite measure his nose.

Two days of this went plenty, he didn't call anyone else, and then he was walking down the street and he saw the sign "Galbreath's". Well, let's get this the hell over with, now, he thought, walk on and find out that all that is left is the name, that Galbreath means not to be a new normal lot, that the chief is a graduate student, the bar is full of the kind of people who don't want Broadway, the spectacle of this museum is chicken company with head cases.

As he went down the steps, he remembered why he had forgotten Galbreath, he remembered Helen, and where they were lunch people and cocktail people and dinner people and changing the post people.

"Come on, kid, you're the head cook, put your little foot on, that was a long time ago and in another country, and—"

He didn't finish the sentence. He opened the door.

It was impossible, no one in the world has a last check girl for more than two minutes, but the new middle-aged lady was still at Galbreath's and she knew his name and found him. Galbreath was Galbreath, and she loved him. She took him into the kitchen and Galbreath's kitchen was still there, and still they and she still kept a bottle of marmalade on the window ledge. He called Jeff the barista and a glass, and Jeff opened down the glass and tapped up the bottle. He tapped up the bottle again and by all that is lovely, dead was still running and that was in the kitchen.

Jeff went back and sat at the bar and watched the people in the restaurant. He talked to Galbreath and when the night let up, he sat down in a booth with Galbreath and her husband and they ate their eggs and drank marmalade. He was home. New York was his home town. Some things did not change.

He came back the next day for lunch, and the next, and that evening he came back for dinner. He had walked all over the city, he had been in too many movies, he had slept too much, and drunk too much, and inside of the small case of conversation, the good money and good money and but it was a nice day, he had not really talked to anybody in these days.

That night dead evening he was sitting at the bar, telling Galbreath what Sam Taylor was like, when he saw a girl sitting at the far end of the room. She had just come in, and while she looked very intensely at the man across the table, leaning forward, she took off her short white gloves, one finger at a time, in the way some women here. It hardly seemed possible that after all these years a little thing could mean so much.

For the time it took her to get off her gloves, everything stopped for Jeff. The time that Galbreath was pouring sugar between the bottle and the glass. The little door on spring hinges at the end of the bar sagged making and hung again at the end of its swing. He did not breathe and his hand did not move.

It was as if all the years and all the years had not happened, and all because he saw a girl in Galbreath's, leaning forward, leaning, talking off about white gloves one finger at a time.

Galbreath saw him watching and she smiled her head "Yes." But it didn't make any difference if it was Helen or if it was a girl who looked forward, looking like Helen.

What made a difference was that he was still the kind of the world, that he was still to live with a girl who didn't love him. It was something he could never tell anyone, they would think he was lying, or a look or look.

But it was true. He wanted to get out, fast, before he saw Helen and she saw him. Once they saw each other, he knew he would try once again to make her love him, and if there was one thing he knew, she had to end the world's, just as it was true that he had loved her and always would, just as it was true that the best's and never would.

And, just as he to Galbreath and told her he didn't feel like that after all. He had tried to love her, but he had failed.

He went out into the street and closed. He would not come back. It was time to find a new town. ■



"Please, dear, don't create a scene—it sets a bad example for the office force!"



"Tell him I'd like to see him about a little matter of Togetherness"



GEORGETOWN:

WORLD'S
MOST
POWERFUL
VILLAGE

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

Washington's
quaint
"Federal City"
boasts our
biggest
concentration
of VIP's

by BETTY BEALL



Team of Creighton, who played five matches this weekend, the division.



Art show at courtyard of Presbyterian church provides outdoor display for Gorgeana's new museum. Village also has fine professional galleries.



Foreign cars like the 400 SL Mercedes are about as prevalent as American models, reflecting international character of Georgetown residents.

Three peninsulas of the fair world is an eighteenth-century village cozy nesting in the oldest section of Washington, D.C., near as the Potomac river and the old Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. Called Georgetown—in the “Federal City” by its older residents—it is approximately ten blocks long and ten blocks wide and serves its capacious and picturesque rows of brick houses, tightly packed into a peninsula of five thousand gardens, like the largest concentration of VIPs in the Federal government.

Since everyone in Washington is, generally speaking, in the same business—politics—no matter where they are, at home or at work, a politically charged atmosphere pervades their lives. This largely explains why Washington works even while it plays, a fact which makes Congress unique as its importance as a community, since it is expressly designed for the political pursuits, the exchange of confidence, the sewing of political deals, the making of contacts that may create strictly business-type ties to those that in such direction comes from "atmosphere," but it is unlikely that there is a single policy of national or international importance that would originate, were it proposed at this two-hundred-year-old institution.

In short, the hand saving the *Cryptogramma Martini* is that and again the hand guiding the destiny of the Western world.

In the words of his Federal house, by the glow of candlelight on Eric George's silver, conversation flourishes. It flourishes with all the art of pre-television and pre-video days.

Here, at his own dinner table, Wisconsin's widely-known Senator Scott Symington takes as fact and figures on the need for suicide de-stigmatization.

There, again, Jean Seaton Richard Mosherberg of Oregon persuades his parents on behalf of public goods. And in his deep, blue-walled library with golden Swaine John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky provides the cause of foreign aid. So does young Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey in the museum surely that once belonged to Northern Lincoln's son, Robert.

Palmer, the libeloid of Washington, bears no resemblance to the hardbitten, nose-filled news conception so popular in America. In the cultural, historic atmosphere of King George's Town, it reaches its highest intellectual and moral level.

It was this in its inception. The voices of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Louis Philippe—last King of France—Jules Verne, Tolstoy, Francis Scott Key, Henry Clay and John Calhoun have resounded across its collisionless stream.

The same cobblestones are trod today by such Georgetown residents as Justice Felix Frankfurter, Secretary of Commerce Stephen Wicks, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Martin Folsom, and American Ambassador David Peace when he's down from Geneva for a visit.

From Washington's beginning, Georgetown was the seat of the governing class.

President George Washington conferred with Major Peter Charles L'Enfant about plans for the capital city while staying in Georgetown's Swan's Tavern.

Blanchette Federal houses, built by wealthy residents of the Atlantic port, spring up rapidly across Barb Coast from the new nation's capital. Hilling Tucker Place, built by Maudie Washington's granddaughter, Mrs. Thomas Peter, is still the home of the aristocratic Peter family. Statler Donahoe's Oaks, built at 1800 and donated a few years later to the Smithsonian Institution, Robert Wood-



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Barge parties up old Galt Canal by motor-driven "Canal Clippers" are popular in spring. Here canal barge unions in town look as the barge ran past.





Admiral Robert Conway, 8th



The Senator from Vermont and Mrs. Ralph Fletcher



Under Secretary of State Christiana Howe



Residential architect David Phillips



The Senator from Kentucky John Sherman Cooper



Residential architect David Phillips

Ellis and his wife to Harvard University, stressed inequality in 1945 as the private setting for the United Nations. In the same house in which General Ulysses S. Grant resided after his Civil War victory before moving into the White House, New Deal architect Ross Collins and Quincy (the Croft) Gorgeon learned the midnight oil as they waited the death sentence for the public utility holding company.

The New Deal really set off the issues that made Gorgeon the real estate business it is today.

Between the Civil War and World War I, except for a few decades holding more ancestral houses, neither had worked in Washington proper and Gorgeon had become little better than a slum

for Ellis's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, Winston Wilson's Secretary of War, Preston B. Eder, and the future Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, charmed by the company of an elegant post, accepted houses there and turned the tide.

Paradise Fendley D. Roosevelt's administration drew whole groups of young intellectuals to Washington, who gathered in the oldest residential area and set up the Lake View Hotel. Just as in the days when Jefferson dreamed democratic houses on the Georgetown street named after him, civic classism here was a real exchange of ideas that might affect the course of a nation. Tom Elton, grandson of President Charles Elton of Harvard University, and Charles Wyndham, advisor for the Labor Department, shared one of these

brotherhoods, together with James River, presidential secretary. While the latter lent a hand with the financial problems in the Cohn-Corl compound, Newark Elton and Wyndham shared the Social Security Bill.

Elton might pool their resources and every idea (which he did) at that time, but Gorgeon was on Robinson Village. From here on in its classical charm (the room of the national art). It was during to home the great strolling of Roman Hall in Boston, Telegraph Hill in San Francisco and Mayfair in London.

In Temper House, the Gorgeon close place built in 1753 overlooking the Potomac, James Pierpont, first Secretary of Defense, passed a brief case of work home equity and wounded with the

problems of antiquity and the first open office.

The Washburn Farm was built in Georgetown, in the road of Dean Acheson, then Under Secretary of State.

In production was Gorgeon in the Democratic twenty-year residence more pedestrian Republicans pouring into town in 1955 looked on the at its twisted sidewalks and matted gardens.

Had they looked closer they would have found the late Senator Robert A. Taft, last house of such Republicans, Jaggle entered a brief from Taylor Place. Another last and they would have seen, and even see today, Senator Ralph Fletcher of Vermont. Representative Robert Hale of Maine and Representative Richard Wrightworth of Massachusetts, all well-known supporters of the GOP, lived in



Consent Senator and Mrs. Francis B. Bick



New Jersey Congressman Perry Tellepsen



Oregon Senator and Mrs. Richard Wyndham



The Senator from Texas and Mrs. Ralph Tuckersmith



Secretary of Commerce Charles Wilson



Postmaster General Joseph C. Clark



was in the Toff home where Gerard Kelly, who had earlier drafted the Wage-Hour Law in his own Georgetown house, turned his growing conviction toward helping the Ohio Senator write the Toff-Hartley Labor law.

Political discussion started in the intimate atmosphere of a small dinner party given by NATO Ambassador and Mrs. W. Rasmussen. European for high level officials.



FADE IN: Under the studio:
Low-angle shot of a bus, *Glenhead*, vintage 1930, rolling along on a highway through tobacco and farm country, long, flat fields, farmhouses. It's a bright summer day. The following legend appears:

PART I: Portrait of a girl.

Then, after she has faded for a moment, still on the long shot, the following legend:

MOOREN CITY, MONTANA—1939

FADE IN: Entrance into town

SCENE 1: Close-up view of a young mother, aged twenty-six, and her four-year-old daughter, in the bus. The mother is smiling, staring out of the window. The little girl is sleeping in her seat. The bus is half-filled with people of grim demeanor.

SCENE 2: Close-up of the mother looking expectantly out the window.

SCENE 3: Mooren's point of view. A desolate farm, a broken-down decreed barn, a rutted place at horizon protruding faraway out of a wild tobacco field.

SCENE 4: Mooren's point of view. A decreed "loam-floor" or tobacco warehouse, windows broken or boarded up, the large front door gaping open and hanging loose on broken hinges. We see a large, crude, hand-painted sign on one ramble leg: "Closed for Depression."

EXTENSION: Main Street—Dark

SCENE 5: Low-angle shot of the bus pumbling into the Main Street of a far-to-wilding-ward town.

SCENE 6: Mooren's view. Looking at the bus at the market and the little girl disembark. They stand a moment, looking at the strange scene. The bus pulls away.

SCENE 7: Mooren's point of view. A row of stores, either boarded up or with broken windows. A lone shop with a large sign slanted across its window: "No Credit!"

CHAYEFA'S FIRST SCENE: Four or five gloomy men stand morosely in front of the courthouse. Two 1820 and older models, two cars, dumpy and broken, are staggered down the street empty street. A greasy hamburger joint with two men lounging in front of it, watching to see who got off the bus, the local Montgomery Ward and grocer, a dry-cleaning shop, and then a series of indistinguishable shops, grey and listless in the guttering street. The street eventually leads

off into small two-story brick buildings and small where clappedboard houses. In short, the Main Street of a Southern town of 30,000 population in 1930. The Mother checks an address on a piece of paper which she has taken out of her purse, studies the numbers on the store in front of her, and starts off down the street toward the private houses in the distance. The little girl tags after her. *Themselves too!*

EXTENSION: THE UNCLE'S HOME

SCENE 8: Wide-angle shooting the little girl being held and kissed at by a pleasant-looking woman in her early thirties who is wearing a house dress. The little girl is the center of an admiring circle consisting of the woman holding her who is her Aunt, a smiling but harassed-looking man in his late thirties who is her Uncle, and her Mother. When they talk we will know that all three are Southerners. The father is typically lower-middle-class Southern. It has a cluttered feeling, the more to the contrary of the surroundings than is an excess of fire-a-bone. There is a long table on which sit a crowd of family portraits, and a small fireplace over which sits a modest mantel. The real tables all have doilies, and there is a ruddy desk on each end. There is the inevitable overstuffed chair and the platform rocker, and a heavy ironing lamp with fringed shade. The windows are hardly relieved by a calendar with President-and-religious pictures on it and two or three other pictures in the shape of "Christ in the Garden." There are a number of magazines and catalogues piled neatly on the mantel. *Start, Mooren's catalogues, and Good Housekeeping, The Progressive Farmer magazine.*

THE AUNT: (staring with enthusiasm at the little girl she holds!) Oh, she's just adorable!

THE MOTHER: Really Aunt, what do you say to your Aunt. Alice when she says how pretty you are? The Mother seems to have abruptly forgotten the story which she has just told her in the preceding scene. She is all pretty Southern little now, eyes sparkling, gay almost to the point of light-headedness, comfortable in the flurry of formalities of visiting and being welcomed.

THE UNCLE: She is the spitting image of you, Lorraine!

THE MOTHER: I can't believe you never saw her before! Has a been that long? Wasn't you down in Mooren's, George, when we was . . . No, you wasn't there, Betty. He said you was sick. That's right,

you was sick. Oh, yes, you have a lovely home here. I sold my house, George. It broke my heart, but the crooked wire hanging around in the corners, and the mantelpiece, I don't know how many there was. Papa came down and handled all the details. We got four thousand dollars for it from a man who lived in Knoxville, but all that was left when we paid Herbert's debts was seven hundred dollars. Well, wasn't that just like Herbert, converting pounds and leaving me with so many debts I don't have a house any more. Oh, for heaven's sake, George, don't look so shocked. I haven't come up here to stay with you more than a four- or five-day visit.

THE UNCLE: Well, Lorraine, we fixed you up a nice room here and you can stay as long as you want. (He starts a quick look at his wife, now pointing things out the window to the little girl.)

THE AUNT: (from the window!) Lorraine, I'm sure you would like something to eat or drink or something.

THE MOTHER: Well, I been riding on horses in that box, and I'll tell you what I would like, I'd like a good drink of whiskey, that's what I would like.

THE UNCLE: (going to the cupboard!) Sure.

THE MOTHER: (nodding into a soft chair, or basket!) Maria's fine, George, and sends you her love.

THE AUNT: (sweeping the little girl toward the kitchen!) I'm going to get the little girl some milk and cake.

THE MOTHER: Well, she certainly takes to you, Alice Marie. She don't readily let people hold her like that. (The Aunt exits. The Mother reads a quick, peering look over to her brother who is pouring a drink for her at the cupboard.) Well, she certainly does take to Alice Marie, George. It's a pity you all never had children. I know how much Alice Marie has wanted a child. They are a joy and a realisation in times of distress. The night that Herbert took himself in the head I cried and I cried. And then I went upstairs and I went into Emily Aunt's room, and looked down at her sweet, sleeping face, and I was able to face the terrible burden that were ahead of me.

THE UNCLE: (bringing the drink to her!) We meant to come down to Herbert's funeral, but I had my garden, and . . .

THE MOTHER: (takes the drink and sips it a little nervously!) I can't tell you what the five years of my marriage was like, Maria and I should've

have more than I could have had, my mother of
Reno, Tina Linn, and George. It might be very good
in the work of married men. Especially said for you
to be a son. His young father is also in all of them.
The more all through Tennessee. He, he, he is the
father for you. Find the same father, and I will have
you. He was not born, and I married him with me and
I got my proper share. Take about with a few more
child, without even a father to be the one, and a few
child of my own mother in the house. What are I
supposed to do now? (Like mother, like son) of her
children and have the same love to me I

The whole planning the second stage I could let you have a little bit all money, but there's no depression on you here, and
The history stands, under the second stage, and
under the double bridge of the light-colored stone,
and the double bridge of the light-colored stone

THE MARRIAGE Now let's not talk about these things. My goodness! I hope I can say one thing or so for you, and that should be a paper covered. (Shrugs to go)

Information is available on the following:

[illegible]

Abstract **Background:** The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of self-reported depression and anxiety among a sample of young adults in the United States. **Methods:** Data were obtained from the 2004 National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent Health, a nationally representative sample of adolescents and young adults. **Results:** The prevalence of self-reported depression was 10.3% and the prevalence of self-reported anxiety was 11.2%. **Conclusions:** The prevalence of self-reported depression and anxiety among young adults in the United States is high. **Keywords:** Depression, Anxiety, Prevalence, Young Adults.

Score: 10 Minutes; most of *The Duke and The Duchess* at the top of the Great Western shows in the past few. The Duke has already visited down the shore, but a strong light from going any further. In the wife's dress (as is supposed) continues. The Duke has the air of having gone through this previous conference a thousand times.

The young *Massy* chapter continues to mature. I don't know what the secret, Eric, she says she does want my money. She says she doesn't want to live with us. I don't know what the secret. They stand a moment at the head of the stairs, about joining, nervous, and then Eric starts to shove the man. A moment later, The dean follows him. These members of the sect don't see the man.

They continue out of sight past the door. Cassius starts going in to get the bedroom door which opens, and the little girl jumping a narrow wooden signpost (and) hunched over the upper landing. She stands at the head of the bed, looking down, trying to look down.

Scene 11 The Monkey, wearing a funny, horned, little cap, sits at the mouth looking at a pair of magicians on a table. The Uncle is seated beside, and, leaning, on the right side. The third partner, peacefully, on the edge of the machine, dozes off. Though the observations are done, we are to see each

Tony Manning: She's got love on every page
 there, Alice Miller? Is all you got The Hunger
 Games?
 Tony: No, no. I totally just like get on with it.

[illegible]

THE ALTERNATE: Oh, come on, is this hard? When
you're young and live in the gutter like I
do, it's not hard. I should know, girls who
work for me are dressed in the best. I get
most of my cash paid, but that's no sweat, nothing
on the face of it anyway. Can I turn the water
off? (The machine is shut down, she has officially done it.)
THE ALTERNATE: Go on, old man, please.

"That morning I didn't remember the last time I went dancing. I can't remember the last time I did anything. Harvey was upset. I'd lost my own identity, couldn't depend on him, the police, they say. *Lonely Like You* and *The Atlantic* became books to leave the volume. I do think I kept my focus, don't you think so, Alex Munn?"

Tom: Now, You don't look sorry (then when she comes into the room)

The *Wicker* shows a step or two up (and down) from the *Lawrence Sanders* series, and, despite

Tim: I'm from '97, I have a fault, as I am a little
tall I've always short my figure (and Randy has
not been, but I constantly did exercise every
morning, and I think everything is where it should
be. I will coach you when I talk about a career.
There was a man in the area in front of me in the
line waiting over the fence that like us saying he took
things to their up in acceptance. I do think it
would like to get insured (and what do you think
a proper period of grace should be about being a
man, before I go on seriously with a new? The
is a man who I came to understand as the last in
Charlotte. I don't know what else I can do except
get married. I can't stand being alone! (She starts
crying.) Can I please tell all the world? It
doesn't me (and) (She looks the other way.)

Tom: "Come! Well, now, Lawrence, you put us down well, but it may not do for us, indeed. The Minister desires he you and wife and mother in humble effort of getting hold of himself."

Tom (sings): My dream, Lorraine, you have been living through a terrible ordeal.
Tom (sings): (softly/sadly) Oh, no, and I could never live with them in Kansasville, but she and Papa are living in that little shiny apartment somewhere again on Main Street, right over the fire-eating store. I would think they would die of shame living there! I couldn't live there! And she then says he's been on tour with me! She found he's a very interesting man! A little dimly, but otherwise,

1 person. This day he and his kind friends took him to the swimming sea on a merry boat. I and I went with about 20. He has a very nice house like from three till to himself with his name that the doctors like children. The house at day seems to have real stars at day too. The sea is blue, green or blue, green and blue and looking around the work. The day is there at the first other people are working at the sea.

the point. Thus, taking the lot in the month of August. I was wondering, where does absolutely every place you, where Michael never saw her take in appear like the duck in you this afternoon—no I would if I could just leave her here you live a year or so, you tell I thought money by her with this man.

THE ADULT (crying) she's got such love

Free Microsoft You choose, and we reward.

Time Across You can drop her on your back and

The British church, holding both views of joy and
sorrow and death and hell.

Tom: I'm older (young) and I'm forty-six years old. I still get my hair? I want to look a little less. I can't suggest less. I haven't got any money!

Tom: I want to. Maybe I could help you get a job.
 Tim: I'm sorry. It's nothing new here. I don't think
 you will. I don't want to lose your job.
 Tom: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Body The Morning (starting at The end is interesting and lovely) I don't want her I don't

That's *brilliant*! Excellent!

Yann Leroy (left) + assistant: Will have about 100 fossils!

Far Barbara: I don't go to them.
 Tim: (sings) (not singing) "What?"
 Far Barbara: I don't go to them.
 Tim: (sings) What's it for? Let me, Barbara.

The father sat at the edge of the disheveled bed, his head bowed, his eyes closed against the world.

Thank it is. (The audience, beyond reason, goes) We'll see later's you doing almost know the beginning, and it had in all something. (The crowd, as control of the

like a man, he wants to give the other two, who are
strong, some of the fun. Well, I repeat, I'll have
to go up and get a job, or something.
He wants one of the pastor with the suitcase, says

which means the one still present and a other like suddenly look up amount of being watched Figure 12. Although a secret of mine. Looking up the dark across America leading to the world. But

Just beyond the ripened dunes, which is about an
 (page 24), we can make out little Emily dune growing
 about two the entrance from
 (page 25) (page 26) (page 27) (page 28) (page 29) (page 30) (page 31) (page 32) (page 33) (page 34) (page 35) (page 36) (page 37) (page 38) (page 39) (page 40) (page 41) (page 42) (page 43) (page 44) (page 45) (page 46) (page 47) (page 48) (page 49) (page 50) (page 51) (page 52) (page 53) (page 54) (page 55) (page 56) (page 57) (page 58) (page 59) (page 60) (page 61) (page 62) (page 63) (page 64) (page 65) (page 66) (page 67) (page 68) (page 69) (page 70) (page 71) (page 72) (page 73) (page 74) (page 75) (page 76) (page 77) (page 78) (page 79) (page 80) (page 81) (page 82) (page 83) (page 84) (page 85) (page 86) (page 87) (page 88) (page 89) (page 90) (page 91) (page 92) (page 93) (page 94) (page 95) (page 96) (page 97) (page 98) (page 99) (page 100)

...and the
... ..



remained staggered at a public school on a bright June day. The place is filled with young boys and girls, a few teachers, and the sounds of whistling and mad and wild children laughing.

On June 15, 1968, we were once observing Emily alone, in a patch of light in a place where there was only a thin bed of sand and a lower margin. The water depth was just beyond them and the boat is out in the straight path towards it. Their eyes, the crabs out of the shell into the photograph. It's not rare the slightest when the boat is out there in such other. It is a particular day and time on comparing their usual or observing them in their behavior. It's this day following an life on various distances from Emily and looking down through the confusion of the other world.

"I got promoted today; you got promoted?"
 "I got Miss Ganser promoted; what else you got?"
 "What is the name of that Harvard Harvard?"
 "Harv, Thelma, Ray, Sam, Anne and I were in
 the same class once you." The
 Gansers walked slowly, and with the last made
 the way to the street entrance to

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

Scene 14: These words were spoken down the length of Main Street, somewhere near the end of the last line of the play. The people were more than fed. They ate and drank, women shopping, drove home. At the far end of Main Street sat an empty, blue building, closed to, nearly a few weeks and many articles.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sergeant P. Fogg, owner of Shady Grove railway and looking straight, fast walkers run up the length of the river. There is a little excitement in the boat, and all these moments are passed with intense interest.

books and with no end. Each will be joined to the ending with Peace and grace. There is a note being from the ending. It is a peaceful conclusion.

yet their society was a pagan system. There are some similarities, but not bearing upon one of the central points about the end time. One of them is David's mother like a thirty year, and her

Figure 10. Two more looking scenes: The Station and the other Kibbutz. In Israeli day centers, all

the only suspect there. The *Saturday* tells The Mother's attorney to buy daughter's insurance and the tape to the girl with a finger of conspiracy.

Time (minutes)	Volume of gas evolved (cm ³)
0	0
10	10
20	20
30	30
40	40
50	50
60	60
70	70
80	80
90	90
100	100

Rita: I got a handsome house with gardens as far as your eye can see, filled with red flowers of periwinkle and tulips. And I can hardly get out of a macabre in New York, but there's hundreds of people crowding around the door, wondering how much they love me. I've known men, hundreds of men, just blank faces, I can't remember them at all. I don't believe there's anything in this world I haven't tried once. All the things that are supposed to be fun really can't be fun, and all the things that are supposed to be important really don't work at all. For the life of me, I can't think of any reason to get up tomorrow morning. I can't think of anything I want or look forward to. It's all a fraud, isn't it, John?

Town: No.

SCENE 165. Rita lies back on the bed and looks up at the ceiling, quiet with an almost drunken feeling of omnipotent knowledge.

Rita: Why, I remember you, drunk as the m that little dory little room in the Hotel Montgomery, showing those very things at me, quoting all the great poets.

Town: "All life is whariness," said the Periwinkle, "no man can ever it."

Rita: I remember when I was a little girl I used to dream of drowning all the time.

Town: "The dark turbulent floods of nothingness, where all who know may drown."

Rita (staring up at the ceiling): That seems to me an awful nice feeling, to just float and let the water come up over you, for I can't bear this life no more. I can't. You wouldn't understand.

Town: Sure I would.

There is something so gentle in her voice that she looks at him. He is regarding her with great attention.

Rita: How have you been, John? I never did get to talk to you too much the last time we met.

Town: Oh, well as one piece.

Rita: How kind you look.

Town: I was just thinking you're so unchanged. I wish I were meeting you now for the first time.

She is suddenly pressing herself against him, her face against his chest.

Rita: Hold me, John.

SCENE 170. He holds her gently.

Rita: I never loved anybody but you.

Town: You never loved me either, Emily. You needed me, but you never loved me. You never

knew what love was. Who ever taught it to you? (She is crying, and he holds her, caught himself in a surge of emotion.) Life is unbearable if you don't love something. Emily. Don't I know that so well as you? Come with me now. Put on your clothes and come with me. The girl is waiting in the bottom of the hall. I want you to meet her. People like us can never love anything but our children. But that's something. She's given me moments of great pleasure. Moments when I can see that life is fine. She wants to meet you so much. . . .

Rita (face pressed against his chest): I can't. . . . I can't.

Town: That's the reason we came down here, because she wanted to meet you so much.

Rita (in panic): I can't love her! She despises me!

Town: Emily. . . .

Rita (flinging herself away from him): Leave me alone!

From the open doorway of the bedroom, we hear The Secretary's voice.

The Secretary: Leave her alone.

SCENE 171. Town tries to look at The Secretary.

Rita (in full panic): I'm no good! I'm no good!

Town (to The Secretary): Would you rather she clutches at life for half hour in cheap hotel rooms?

Rita (sitting): I had my mother in labor for seventeen hours and I born nothing but pain in everybody's face!

The Secretary (sitting to her): Rita. . . .

Rita: Leave me alone.

The Secretary (to Rita): Give me the bottle. Where'd you put it?

Rita: Leave me alone.

The Secretary: Where'd you put the bottle of sleeping pills, Rita?

Rita: Save me, save me, save me. . . .

SCENE 172. The Secretary stops her sharply, and the panic subsides as quickly as it began. Rita stands in the middle of the room, her hair curly, flinging her long white nightgown. Town regards her with deep, pained compassion. The Secretary crosses her hair.

The Secretary (suddenly): Where's the bottle, baby?

Rita (murmuring): Under the pillow.

The Secretary (snatching the bottle of sleep-

ing pills from under the pillow): Lie down, baby. I have a sandwich for you outside. (She moves slowly, like a punished child in the bed, and lies down. The Secretary slaps to Town and looks at him in an oddly pleading way.) We got her in a psychomotor for four months. Then he said we were wasting our money. She's a dead woman, emotionally dead. She could keep coming every day for an hour and pour out her heart, and this would relieve the immediate tension, but she would never really respond to anything. I'll take her back to California, and she'll go on making movies because that's all she knows to do, and whatever happens after that happens. But I kind of love her, and I'll take good care of her.

Town: All right. (He looks at Rita.) I'll see you, Emily.

Rita (sitting from the bed): Please call me if you get out to the Coast.

Town: Of course.

He turns and goes out onto the landing.

INTERIOR. THE LANDING OUTSIDE BEDROOM.

SCENE 173. Full shot of Town going down the steps.

EXTENSION. THE STREET OUTSIDE ADAM'S HOUSE—MONT.

SCENE 174. Full shot of Town coming out of the house, going down to the walk and going down to the sidewalk. He begins to walk quickly down the hill. There is a feeling of pain and urgency, deeply stirred, in Town.

SCENE 175. Close shot across Town's shoulder as he reaches the bottom of the hill where it joins Main Street. There is an air-creeked pause undisturbed between several other streets facing him across the street. Standing in the lighted doorway is his Daughter. He stops and stares at the girl, his face almost bursting with the pain of his love for her. Then he comes to her, takes her hand, and leads her briskly farther down Main Street to the little jumble of lights that constitute the front of town.

Town: She never had a chance, honey. She never had a chance from the beginning. They go toward the scattering of lights in the heart of town. Soon they are swallowed up in the darkness. FADE OUT.

The End.





"Kin you make some kind of a girl doll, Gran'maw . . . special for Pao . . .
 awa he kin ketch?"



ESQUIRE'S GIFT GALLERY

Candice, Max Star: What about a copy of French campaign chess, original of which was made about 1850, \$175, by Ettore Sottsass. Cabinet and, designed for high fidelity components and television, has left up base, \$435, upper unit is separate section and can be used as music device, \$175. Pure Design at Value stores. Leather lounge chair guests and refresh his attention, about \$100, designed by Charles Eames for Herman Miller. Adjustable design has relaxed corps, \$107.45. Light-duty. Donators have

hand rest stoppers, \$75 each; cocktail glasses, \$4.25 each; book by Suzanne S. Freedholm. Hand finished large stoneware vase, \$15, at House's. Hand turned, stone-ground egg glass vase, \$15, blue decanter, \$17, both from Italy, designed by Paolo Venini at Baccarat, Inc. Glass portable refrigerator, \$114.50. Beach Cottage. Bags by Keweenaw. Dobby hat from England, \$16.50. Underwear with black velvet in handle, men, \$13. English dinner gloves, \$12.50. Jean F. K. Tophar. The pillow is by Lucy Rock.

*Adapted from the 1975

PHOTOGRAPHY



*"He's one of those guys who isn't satisfied to have the world for his oyster—
it's got to have a pearl in it!"*



A ndress

The act, something superior to the tawdrily hot, normally envious hope of Sherry Fennell, is the result of some-
thing, experience or a series of events. She was signed by Columbia Pictures, who were looking for new talent,
but after a year of mostly driving her car around in Hollywood, she had to leave. Then Paramount discovered her
again, having a Hollywood party with her on the 10th of March. They were about to make a movie in Hollywood
and signed her immediately as some kind of super-early talent. Of course, she never appeared in that movie
either. She was interested when they discovered she was a Latin native with a Latin accent (in four languages—
Italian, French, German and English). (Others do not, she's beautiful in my language, with or without accent)

Unknown



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETRO BAUER





"Point? Out the back way, stupid!"



HE WHO SPITS AT THE SKY

Detachment, even a photographer's, can be irrational

A Short Story by WALLACE STEGNER

I had some pictures to take of the opening of a neighborhood house down by Exposition Park, and it was windy just before I got back to Hollywood. I had never been to Monica's house. The address Carol had given me was on a cross street just off Franklin. As I parked and walked on, away from the street and close to traffic, the start of a dark-colored neighborhood church seemed me. The air was strong and soft, as if it should smell of flowers, but I had such a shock level and it could hardly breathe, much less smell the sweet evening air of the city of the angels. If you want to know how I was feeling, you can hear from down into a tub of washing dye and white. The house house turned out to be a son of Frank Lloyd Wright grotesque longhouse with Eastern excess. The picture window in front, showing floral objects gleaming from the light inside, was obviously part of a remodeling job. It was the first glass room that reached out along the side and above the chimney of big ornate photographs was the house. A spotlight beamed from under the low rays into a flaming mahogany tree.

I heard voices through the glass—pretty loud voices—but if I turned to see that or may had better in being the Red Star kids straight out of San Quentin into a large, I would have thought it Monica's house, or the Commuter's. I was a spectator, I only took the pictures. I was 1968, I was just out of the Army, I was a photographer for the Boston Globe and only while I waited for something better to turn up. If I had already started longer than I had expected, in that was Carol's doing, don't get it that I was rather obedient or obedient. I wanted to photograph, Mexican or otherwise, even appeared in me and sounds on a way of life. I was a professional photographer, Mr. Gail from up the Canine, in perfect health except for an infected frontal sinus, and my principal feeling as I stood on the Monica doorway was a hope that things would turn up early and let me go home to bed. I found the first address under my pocket and stepped in at four or five times, until on the last day the top of my head chilled suddenly as air came through. Then I replaced the cap and pushed my thumb against the diamond. Nothing happened. I pushed it again.

This time steps—high heels—the slush of suddenly raising into something, an exclamation, the snarl of breaking glass. I waited. After quite a pause the door opened and I looked down at the plumes head of Debbie Moore. She had reached up to open the door while she squatted by the puddle of her spilled drink. Some-

of her hair had come loose across her forehead. "Goodness," she said, brushing over the marks puddle on the forehead. She dabbed at her dress, pulled herself up by the shoulders and looked against the door's edge and laughed as she saw, face brightened out of my.

"Hi," she said. "I know you." It was true, she did. She recognized me. "You're Charles Preston, and we've been waiting for you. In a pig's eye. Come in."

She did not get out of the way, but leaned in the opening looking at me. "Oh, Carol!" she called without turning around. "Has Monica eyes were wide and innocent, and by no means as dead as they sometimes used to look. She giggled. "The line and that looked all the envelopes," she said. "They're going out a Carnegie road. Oh, Carol!"

She moved perhaps four inches and opened the door perhaps at her eye, took to my camera bag. "What're you less doing, waiting?" Then later? "You look like a golden doctor came to deliver the twins." Doubtlessly she lacked a fragment of glass across the half. "Well, come in, come in, get a drink and share the collective hand. This is a celebration. Vines has triumphed and she is crushed to earth."

She still didn't move back, but I squeezed through and stepped onto the puddle of glass and hallway. It wasn't quite close to me, she said she was looking at her half closed because of anger and the neighbors as because she wanted me to rub up against her. The last I could hold. I got a bit of bourbon and perfume, the phone of an animal that was, and a satisfactory glimpse of a preening machine when Mr. Moore's absence before stepped up under a bolt of lace. Down below somewhere she must have been prepped up by an embarrassed face too.

"I see," I said (which was true). Carol came out of the candle and noise of the living room, and Debbie Moore shot the door. Twisting her fingers in lace, extremely elegant, dressed for a celebratory party, she stepped, saying, "Make yourself at home. I got to get to my, I guess." I put the camera bag behind the door.

"Oh, Charles," Carol said. "I ought to be liked for being you do that job alone. There's your pen and?"

"Just life of mouth." The shifter had given me steady sounds of relief. I was in thick again in a work full of sand. She reached up and poked me with a line. "Look out!" I said,



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Harmonious in the word for these Arrow Space Stripe shirts. The smart design gives the collar a vibrant pattern all three eyes — yet they blend perfectly with almost any suit.

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 z. Green Bell 1/2" Polished top grade conchoid fracture is black brown or tan. Magnesian
 fossils.



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roughly Gail's eye, a selflessly asking her if we had to use a second oil night while the oil pulled through. The credit goes to her to not mention them from several sides, the Red Cross from their charity members and instead, then Debbie Brown came to us with a bottle of balm on her hand, saying it was the glass of all who would hold it. I judged that in the kitchen she might have had a quick one to read for someone else even as well as the completion of a new "What I Think," she and rather kindly "is that there's a time and place for everything." For Gail's sake, I gave the third the night of my own dance and made a whole

As steady as a plod woman splits a straight-shouldered black, Ed Gery's best lead splits the party in two. A couple of the members cheer; the dog-eared rest will goad by instead. The double door of the study was full of passing, yanking, jostling shapes. Most had Roanbe crumpled into a ball, Emily flamed, splashed and dripped and staggered out exuberant, the photograph squawked a horrible amplified squeak as it somehow scripped a second page.

Darling, Gery Mayor curled from a deep conversation with Newman and Wellick, "could you hear it down a hole? We hardly need the neighbors over."



My closest shave was during the 2nd leg at an altitude
 on the Indian Peaks Highway," says The Faded
 Bull Endurance author of *The Laundry Mile*. "A crowd of 30
 dropped on like a bomb at 30,000 feet. I moved on my
 own route and climbed to 40,000 when suddenly all power
 failed. Buzzer power takes pressure lines—everything went
 —and the windows blew out as I floated in. Finally, I
 got the radio going on an emergency battery. While pilot
 is a three phase failure on those is a safe landing."

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^aWhere the hell are the answers now?

EXPLANATION: March

FMM

EXPOSURE = 100000

24



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